

IN MEMORIAM

COL. M. P. NOLAN.





*Yours truly,  
M. P. Nolan.*

# IN MEMORIAM.

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TRIBUTES

TO THE MEMORY OF

COL. M. P. NOLAN,

BY

Members of the Dayton Bar, the Press,  
Diester Post G. A. R., and others.



The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal, every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open, this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude.

—W. Irving.



Press of  
The Walker Litho. and Printing Co.  
Dayton, Ohio.  
1892.

A Friend's Tribute.



## A Friend's Tribute.

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Monday, November 30, 1891! This date is indelibly impressed upon my memory. With the golden sunset of that glorious day, the soul of Col. M. P. Nolan ascended in glory to that luminous world beyond. The announcement of his sudden death was a grievous shock to me.

Of the details of his remarkable life, and of his life-work, others have spoken in the amplest terms. I shall, in this place, content myself with placing on the record my own precious remembrance and estimate of the deceased, as he was known to me.

Looking back over the successful career of Col. Nolan, what nobler tribute or greater eulogy can be pronounced than that his life-work was well done. Full of years and honors he passed into the night of death to emerge, as I believe, into that shining realm where sorrow and darkness are unknown.

"There is no death! What seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death."

The departed was a man of excellent attributes. He was kind, courteous and obliging. He had a manly heart. His affections were as gentle as those of a sister, his friendship as abiding as a mother's love. To the one who had gained his confidence his fidelity was unchanging.



He delighted in doing good, avoided none, and would go far to confer a favor. Such a one, wherever he may be, fills a large space in a world of instability and change and deceit. There was nothing in him of pretense. His industry was unceasing; his energy tireless; his discrimination quick; his judgment good, and his counsel safe. Truly, his picturesque character had in it the ruggedness and grandeur of the mountain, with the genial warmth and beauty of the valley. Of him I say what I believe:

"He kept a faithful friendship with his friends,  
Whom loyally he served before himself.  
He locked his lips too close to tell a lie,  
He washed his hands too white to touch a bribe."

As a citizen, Colonel M. P. Nolan was public-spirited, progressive, liberal and wise. As a lawyer, he was able, earnest, industrious and faithful to the interests of those he served. His oratory was brilliant; he was fiery in debate, struck hard, but always fair. He was fearless as a lion, and his opponents will ever remember his keen thrusts and stunning blows, but they will ever honor him for the earnest, honest, manly way in which they were given.

As a soldier, he was ever found at his post of duty, displaying the highest form of moral courage. He was a born leader of men, inspiring confidence by the exhibition of his own courage. Like every true soldier, the flag of his country was ever the object of his veneration. To him, that flag was not simply a few yards of tri-colored bunting, but a symbol of majesty and power. It was the emblem of his country, her greatness, her beneficence,

and her power, her people, her institutions, and her laws, with every rod of territory—wherever might be seen or felt the print of human foot, the touch of human hand, or the beat of human heart—sacredly dedicated to liberty, justice and right. He gloried in the privilege that he lived to see his country prosperous and united, every state of the Union in its place, the asperities of war supplanted by the kindly relations of a united people, and peace and brotherly kindness overshadowing the great states of the Union—

"Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them."

The deceased was a charming conversationalist. He was well informed upon most subjects, and could talk entertainingly and intelligently upon all the current topics of the day. His voice was full and musical, his information and illustration striking and forceful. He could quote from the works of the immortal Shakespeare at will. His wit was bright and rapid as the lightning, and his humor warm and embracing as the sunshine.

Colonel Nolan was an honest man, and that after all counts most and is best. He passed through life unscathed and unsullied, uncorrupted and incorruptible, and leaves to his family and friends that highest of all honorable titles, an honest man. He was the incarnation of personal honor and the very soul of sincerity, perpetually overflowing with the milk of human kindness. Colonel Nolan found the crowning blessing of his life in the affectionate devotion and genial companionship of his good and loving



wife and children. Pure in spirit as thrice-sifted snow ; sweet in disposition as the breath of the new-blown roses ; gentle in manners as the evening zephyrs kissing the violet's eye ; faithful to every obligation and cheerful in the discharge of every duty that affection, humanity or religion could impose, she realized her husband's brightest ideal of the highest, holiest type of noble womanhood. To him she was the pearl beyond all price. Her tender sympathies supported him in the dark hours of sorrow, and her cheering smile gave a lovelier glow to the bright rays of returning joy. Hand in hand they trod life's journey together, strewing its pathway with the fragrant roses of gentleness and charity, until he was beckoned to a brighter clime—to the real "Wonderland"—whither his pure spirit is wooing her in soft, sweet music of an angel's whisper.

Colonel M. P. Nolan's life is worthy of emulation. He loved his friends and was beloved by them in return. He was not perfect ; none are perfect in this world ; and yet his virtues so outweighed and outshone his faults, that his friends, admired him. But he is gone ! No word that I speak or thought that I can utter will reach the ear or touch that heart now stilled by death ; but his memory I will fondly treasure. Noble man, thou hast acted well thy part ; rest in the joy of thy full reward. In the words of Antony over Brutus :

"His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mixed in him that nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, 'This was a man !' "

Tributes to the Memory  
of  
COL. M. P. NOLAN,  
by the  
Members of the Dayton Bar.



## BAR MEETING.

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IN MEMORY OF THE LATE COL. M. P. NOLAN.

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Resolutions Expressive of the Bar's Appreciation  
of his Many Noble Qualities Adopted.

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*EULOGISTIC REMARKS MADE BY A NUMBER OF PROMINENT  
LAWYERS—THE PATRIOTISM, ABILITY, WIT,  
GENEROSITY AND HOME LIFE OF  
DECEASED EXTOLLED.*

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DAYTON, OHIO, December 1st, 1891.

IN JUDGE DWYER'S COURT ROOM.

Col. Corwin : May it please the court—It is my painful duty to announce the death of Col. M. P. Nolan, a member of this bar ; and I move that in respect to his memory this court adjourn till such time as may be necessary, an hour, perhaps, in order to allow his brother members of the bar to take such action as they may deem fitting upon the occasion.

Recess was then taken.

IN COURT ROOM NO. 1, JUDGE ELLIOTT'S ROOM.

Mr. Gottschall moved that the court adjourn for an hour to enable the members of the bar to take action upon the death of Col. M. P. Nolan.

Adjourned.

The members of the bar then met in Court Room No. 1.



On motion of Mr. Gottschall, Hon. Samuel Boltin was chosen chairman of the meeting.

On motion of Mr. A. W. Kumler, E. P. Matthews, Esq., was chosen secretary.

The Chairman: Gentlemen—This meeting of our bar is convened for the purpose of taking suitable action upon the death of our brother and friend, Col. M. P. Nolan. It has been suggested to me, and I think it is proper, that whatever members of the bar have to say in reference to our departed friend, be said after the coming in of the resolutions that will be reported at the adjourned meeting, to be determined upon by this meeting; and therefore, I shall reserve what I have to say in reference to our friend until that time. I suppose that the proper thing to be done now is to have the committee on resolutions appointed. I will wait your pleasure.

Judge Elliott: With the understanding of course, that the mover could not serve upon the committee, I move that a committee of five be appointed by the chair, to prepare a suitable memorial in regard to Col. Nolan.

The motion was seconded by Mr. Gottschall and carried.

The Chairman: I will appoint Mr. L. B. Gunckel, Col. Corwin—

The Chairman: Mr. Nevin, are you engaged so you cannot serve?

Mr. Nevin: I will serve if you want me to.

The Chairman: Mr. Nevin, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Sprigg.

Mr. Gunckel: It is usually parliamentary to make the mover chairman of the committee.

Judge Elliott: He stipulated not to be on the committee for business reasons.

The Chairman: Judge Elliott is engaged in holding court and cannot serve very well. I think the appointment is a proper one under the circumstances.

Col. Corwin: I move that a committee of three be appointed, a committee of arrangements, to confer with the family and ascertain what arrangements ought properly be made. Carried.

The chair appointed Alvin W. Kumler, Esq., Maj. O. M. Gottschall and Mr. Charles Craighead to serve on that committee.

On motion the meeting adjourned until two o'clock tomorrow (Wednesday) afternoon, unless sooner called to meet by the committee of arrangements, to meet in this room.

#### THE ADJOURNED MEETING

Met Wednesday at 2 o'clock, p. m., and was called to order by the chairman, Judge Boltin.

The Chairman: Is the committee on arrangements ready to report?

Mr. Kumler: Mr. Chairman—The committee, which was appointed by the chair yesterday, called at the residence of Col. Nolan and consulted with his family as to their wishes in the matter.

The funeral service will take place from his late residence, 134 south Perry street, tomorrow afternoon at two o'clock. He will be buried under the auspices of the Diester Post of the Grand Army of the Republic—a full military funeral.

The pall-bearers will consist of members of the bar, being Hon. Dennis Dwyer, Col. D. B. Corwin, Warren Munger, William Craighead, W. D. McKemy, John M. Sprigg and William H. Van Skaik. The Rev. E. E. Baker and the Rev.



Dr. Hale will be the officiating clergymen. The bar will meet here at half-past one tomorrow afternoon, and will be conducted in a body by the Sheriff to the residence, excepting the members of the bar who are pall-bearers, and they will meet at half-past one, at Boyer's undertaking establishment.

The Chairman: You have heard the report of the committee. If there are no objections it will stand approved. Is the committee on resolutions ready to report?

Mr. Gunckel: I am authorized by the committee to make this report:

The members of the Montgomery County Bar have heard, with feelings of deep regret and profound sorrow, of the sudden death of their friend and associate, Col. Michael P. Nolan, and deem it fitting and right to place upon record a memorial of their appreciation of him as a lawyer, their love and regard for him as a friend, and their respect and admiration for him as a neighbor and citizen.

Michael P. Nolan was born in Dublin, Ireland, June 18, 1823. His parents emigrated in 1824, and located in Dayton in 1838. They were poor, and could not afford their son the advantages of even a common school education. His early life, as described by him, was one of privation and toil; but it was in this hard school of experience that he formed those sterling habits of industry, frugality and temperance, which enabled him to withstand all the temptations of subsequent life and make his career one of more than ordinary success.

After coming to Dayton he learned a trade, and for some years was engaged in carriage-making. He was a good mechanic, but he was ambitious, and gave his evenings to the study of history and literature, and subsequently, of the law. He had the true literary instinct, as was shown

by his admiration of Burke and Shakespeare. In pursuing his studies, he felt the great lack of rudimentary education and early mental discipline. To most young men those obstacles would have been insurmountable. But young Nolan had pluck and determination, and he supplemented them with industry and perseverance. He had the "gift of gab," but he did not rely upon that as too many who think themselves similarly favored do, but formed habits of application and study, which he continued during his whole life, and to which—he well knew—he owed much of the success he attained at the bar.

He yielded, as most young lawyers do, to the fascination of political life. For forty years he was one of the most prominent figures in local politics, but he was impulsive, independent, and apparently, erratic, and so failed to win the success in either of the several parties to which, from time to time, he belonged, that others with less talent and less merit easily attained.

During the war he was an ardent Union man. He organized a company for the Eleventh Ohio Infantry under the first call of volunteers. Subsequently he was appointed lieutenant colonel of the Fiftieth regiment, and still later colonel of the 109th regiment, but in the consolidation and reorganization of the regiments, he was left without a command, and returned home, shortly after accepting the appointment of United States commissioner, given him by President Johnson. Although he has held no office since that time, he has taken a lively interest in public affairs, and in various assemblages of the people has for thirty years been one of the most popular of the local speakers.

Since the war Col. Nolan has given much of his time to the collection of soldiers' pensions, and this has, in some



measure, diverted him from the more legitimate practice of law. Still he has always retained a large body of clients and a fair proportion of litigated cases on the court dockets. His best and most successful work has been as a jury lawyer. Had his knowledge of the law equaled his abilities as a popular speaker, he would have been the most formidable advocate at the bar. He had many qualities, personal and professional, that deserve mention and commendation. He was uniformly respectful to the court, kind and courteous to his associates, painstaking in his work, prompt in his engagements, reliable in the fulfillment of his promises, temperate in his habits, exemplary in conduct.

In December of the year 1847, he married Miss Anna S. Clark, of Miamisburg, and a beautiful trait in his character was his life-long faithfulness and devotion to his wife. He frequently declared that it was to her kind and sensible guidance that he owed whatever of success he had attained in life. They had ten children, five of whom survive the father, the youngest of whom, Harry F. Nolan, is a respected and promising lawyer.

The bar mourns the loss of one of its oldest, most genial and talented members; the community one of its most active, exemplary citizens. It will be very hard to fill the place so suddenly made vacant. But to his family and friends the loss is irreparable, for was there ever a more faithful husband, kinder father, truer friend? In the years to come they may almost forget his public career, but they will ever love to think with Wordsworth:

"That the best portion of a good man's life,  
His little nameless, unremembered acts,  
Of kindness and love."

Your committee, therefore, recommend the adoption of the following resolution:

*Resolved*, that as a mark of respect to the memory of our deceased brother, Col. Michael P. Nolan, the several courts of the county be requested to adjourn on the day of the funeral, and that the bar attend the same in a body.

*Resolved*, That the judges of the court of common pleas be requested to direct the clerk to enter this memorial upon the minutes, and that copies of the same be sent to the family of the deceased, and given the newspapers for publication.

L. B. GUNCKEL.

D. B. CORWIN.

R. M. NEVIN.

ELIHU THOMPSON.

JOHN M. SPRIGG.

The Chairman: You have heard the memorial read. Are there any remarks?

Judge Elliott: I move that the report of the committee be adopted.

The motion was seconded.

The Chairman: It is moved and seconded that the report of the committee be adopted. Are there any remarks?

#### EULOGISTIC REMARKS.

Col. Corwin: Mr. President—Col. Nolan was my friend and neighbor for many years. In looking back through all those years, I cannot remember one incident in my intercourse with him that I would wish to change. Our relations were of the pleasantest in every respect. While it has not been my custom upon occasions of this kind to



make my voice heard, I feel that I cannot allow this occasion to pass without saying something.

What I admire most in Col. Nolan's character was his independence, his self-reliance. Col. Nolan, under all circumstances, relied upon himself, did not call for assistance. He was no man's man. This character of sterling independence, it seems to me, must have been the cause, or, perhaps, partly the effect, of his pushing his way forward under the most adverse circumstances, from the mass of laboring men with whom, at first, his lot was cast, and bringing him forward to the rank which he finally attained at the bar in this county. It is certain that Col. Nolan always evinced the deepest sympathy with the men from among whose ranks he rose, and I think probably it was because of this sympathy, which was reciprocated by those men, that Col. Nolan was enabled to reap the advantages and the success to which he finally attained. He certainly was a generous man, a man who was ever ready to meet advances of a friendly character, from whatever source they might come, and a pleasant companion. I think this example is one that cannot fail to do good in a land like this, where it has come to be the rule, almost, that the foremost men are taken from the ranks from which Col. Nolan sprang. Look around among the successful men of this community, and in fact all others, and you will find this to be the case. Such examples are of the greatest value to the young men of the country.

He has gone from among us. We will see him no more; and I, for one, feel the loss most keenly.

Judge Boltin: When Col. Nolan came to Dayton in 1838, he was about fifteen years of age. As is said in the admirable memorial that has been reported, and as said by Col. Corwin,

his parents were very poor. At that time the City of Dayton contained a population of but a little over five thousand people, and Dr. Walters tells me that at that time the votes of Van Buren, Mad River and Harrison townships and the City of Dayton together amounted to about sixteen hundred. These three townships voted at Dayton and with Dayton. The Doctor has kept a list of the men who were in active life at that time, and who were the "fathers" of this county; and out of that sixteen hundred voters he says there are about twenty surviving

I do not know that Col. Nolan went to school any after he came to Dayton. It is stated that his parents originally located in Lancaster, Pa. That is a mistake. They located in the country, and all the schooling he had, I think, was at little country schools in the vicinity of Lancaster.

The older members of the bar can remember his father. He made his living by draying. He was a man very much the size of Col. Nolan—a red-faced man, and, perhaps, succeeded by industry and economy in accumulating a little home before his death.

Col. Nolan learned the carriage-making trade. That was after he was fifteen years of age, and he worked at his trade after he had mastered it here in the city. He also worked at it in Pittsburg. He and some friends of his went to Pittsburg together, and when they got there they had no money and had to seek employment. They had started out to see the world, and I think he worked for a short time at his trade in the City of New Orleans. Before he was married and about the time of his marriage he was engaged as captain of a canal boat, running the boat for the late Robert Chambers of this city. I think he was engaged in that at the time he was married to Miss



Anna S. Clark, one of the best of women. He married her at Miamisburg. Immediately after their marriage he located there and started a little wagon-making shop.

It is forty-four years now, just about, since I first made his acquaintance. We became friends then, and our friendship has continued all the way down through the forty-four years. I think I may safely say that I never had any better friend than Col. Nolan. I have known his family ever since he has had one; have known his children as well, perhaps, as any member of this bar.

I was admitted to the bar in 1849, in July, and just about that time he made application to me to read law. I remember giving him Walker's American Law, a new book then, and the first book that he read. He continued to work at his trade, and read at night and during his leisure time. In 1850 he sold out at Miamisburg, and came to Dayton and took a position with John Cohan in his carriage manufactory. Mr. Cohan was a leading carriage manufacturer at that time in this city. He continued to read law, and in 1851, in July I think, was admitted to the bar. He had no library. He had a little home, for which he paid, I think, four hundred dollars, and perhaps he had not finished paying for that, and had not the courage to enter immediately upon the practice, and did not do so until 1853.

His education, as has been stated, was very limited. I do not think that he ever studied English grammar. I am not sure that he ever knew anything about it except as he acquired a knowledge of it in reading the classic English authors. But he was a great student. When he was admitted to the bar he was twenty-eight years old, and by that time he had become very familiar with ancient and

modern history. He had a remarkable memory, and by that time had become very conversant with Shakespeare, his favorite author. Later on he became a great student of Burke, and also of Goodrich's English Eloquence.

When he commenced the practice of law here this city contained a population of about eleven thousand. That population, together with that of the county, was exceedingly conservative, and the field was then well occupied by as able lawyers as have ever been at this bar; and in such a community, a young man starting out without wealth or influential friends, has a great deal to contend with in acquiring a clientage. Col. Nolan had all that to contend with, but he persevered, and as I remember, made enough money the first year in the practice to live on—made a living the first year. And he made a little money all the way along through life and made some fortunate investments, so that he has left a moderate competency to his family.

In his reading of law he read thoroughly. He committed all the definitions of Blackstone and Walker to memory, and I very much doubt whether at the time of his death there was any man at this bar better able to give those definitions than he. None could have undergone a better examination, so far as the mere definitions of law, as given by Blackstone and Walker, were concerned. He had a remarkable retentive mind; but as a lawyer his mind was defective in this; that he was not able to grasp and analyze and apply principles of law; and this was his great trouble all through his practice as a lawyer. When his verdicts were set aside and when the decisions of the courts were against him he was unable to comprehend the reason, and at times, without reason, he became soured at the judges,



felt that they were not disposed to be just towards him. He shone as an advocate. That was Col. Nolan's field. And during his time at the bar he won more weak cases in proportion to the number of cases he tried than any man who has been at this bar in my day. It was simply marvelous how he would succeed in the face of the charge of the court, and of the arguments of the most learned lawyers, in wringing verdicts from juries.

In point of wit, humor and sarcasm he was without a peer at our bar, and in repartee I doubt whether he ever had his peer at this bar. He was a very dangerous man to get into an altercation with during the trial of a case. He was almost sure to have the advantage before it was ended.

His mental organization was such that he was unfitted for political success. I remember him first in politics in 1848. He was then living at Miamisburg. He was bitterly opposed to slavery. He seemed to be opposed to it from intuition; and although he had been associated up to that time with the Democratic party, his father being a Democrat, he rebelled against the party, and in 1848, with eleven other gentlemen, with a vote of about eight hundred in Miami township, voted for Van Buren upon the Free Soil ticket; and I may say to you gentlemen that it required a great deal of moral courage at that time to cast such a vote, and he was ostracized for the time being by his Democratic friends for doing so. He was honest in his opposition to slavery, as he was in his convictions generally, however much he may have been mistaken. He was always honest and fearless in his advocacy of what he believed to be right.

Having come up from the laboring class, he naturally sympathized with the poor and oppressed, not only at

home, but everywhere in the world. No poor or oppressed man could make a mistake in going to Col. Nolan as his friend, and as said by my friend, Col. Corwin, it explains much of what seemed to be his instability in politics. He was so constituted that it was utterly impossible for him to be anchored permanently in any one of the political organizations of the country, or in any church. When I first knew him he was a very devoted member of his church, but through his studies and investigations the belief grew lighter and lighter with him, until, I think, at his death he held very few views in religion in common with the church that he had grown up and was educated in.

He was a true friend, as Col. Corwin has said. He was a man of strong likes and dislikes. His dislikes occasionally led him to be unjust to others; but his friendship was of the most sterling character. He never forgot a kindness, he never betrayed a friend, but always stood by him. Once a friend he was ever a friend, unless he had great aggravation.

In after-dinner speeches he excelled as shown in those made at our banquets. He could not write a speech, and if he attempted to do so he was pretty sure to fail; but in an impromptu after-dinner speech, he had perhaps no superior at this bar. I think some of the best after-dinner speeches I have ever heard at our banquets were delivered by Col. Nolan. I remember one notable speech he delivered when Gen'l Kilpatrick was present. It was either at the close or immediately before the close of the war. Gen'l Kilpatrick, who was an orator himself, remarked that it was one of the best after-dinner speeches he had ever heard. At the banquet given to Gen'l Schenck he sat by me. He had prepared a speech to be given in response to a certain



toast, and he turned around to me just before his time to speak and said: "I don't know just what to do. I thought I had committed my speech to memory, but it has all passed from my mind." Said I: "Throw your speech away; give it to the dogs, and get up and make a speech." He did so, and made a capital speech, but it was not at all like the written one.

If there was any place in which Col. Nolan shone brighter than another it was in his home. There never was a more devoted father and husband than he, and no tongue can describe how that family will miss him—that vacant chair. There is no use in attempting to describe how his dear ones will miss him in his home. It seems to me no man could be such a father, such a husband, without being a good man.

Col. Nolan's impulses were good. They were all inherently right. He was opposed to everything that was vicious, everything that he conceived to be wrong, and he never had any hesitation in attacking it wherever he met it.

He has gone, and we can only say, good-bye.

Judge Dwyer: Mr. President—For over forty years I have been intimately acquainted with the deceased. I became acquainted with him soon after coming to Dayton. He was then working at his trade. Our acquaintance soon grew into intimacy. He was the first man that suggested to me to read law. I was then a struggling young man here in the city, and he took an interest in me and advised me that he thought I ought to read law. He was then reading himself. I remember when he was at his shop on Second street, where he was carrying on the carriage-making business, he would have at the head

of his bench definitions from Blackstone. They were pasted over his bench, and he would commit them to memory from day to day; and that was the way Col. Nolan acquired much of his early knowledge of the law. While he was working at the bench he would read these definitions and commit them to memory. Ever since that time, Mr. President, he and I have been on very intimate terms of friendship.

He organized a military company way back before 1850. He was captain of the old Montgomery Guards, of which I was a member, and I knew him well.

All that has been said by yourself, Mr. President, and Col. Corwin in regard to Col. Nolan, is true. His ability is known to us all, and his genial character is known to everybody. He was the soul of every gathering, with his wit and humor; and at the bar he was successful. We all know that he acquired a reasonable competence, and took a front place in the profession.

The night before the Colonel's death my wife and I called at his house and spent the evening there, and I do not think I ever saw him more cheerful. We talked over a great many matters that had passed. He told me about a little trouble that he had had the week before. He was taken sick at the office, and having been advised to go home, and, being taken worse on the way, he stopped at Captain Ashley Brown's residence, and Mrs. Brown administered some restoratives to him. He thought he was getting pneumonia. She said: "No, Colonel, your voice is too clear." He went home and he was telling me about it and said: "My lungs are perfectly sound." He talked over these matters, and talked over his recent visit to Don Piatt, a short time before Col. Don Piatt's death. Col. Nolan had



spent some time with him, and he was telling me what a pleasant time he had and what an excellent lady Mrs. Piatt was and how she entertained him; and he gave me a book that was written by Don Piatt on "Men of Ohio and the War," and wanted me to take it home and read it. I say, I never saw him more cheerful in his life than he was on the evening before his death. It goes to show how uncertain life is.

We have lost to this bar in an untimely manner three of its distinguished members, the late John Howard, Mr. E. S. Young, and now Col. Nolan. It shows, Mr. President, that "In the midst of life we are in death."

Judge Elliott: There seems a desire that I should say something, and perhaps it is but just that those of us who have had most to do with the deceased ought to show our respect for his memory by at least rising in our places, if we say but little.

We have these admonitions coming to us so frequently, as to cause not only surprise, but consternation almost. One after another our brothers are passing away.

Col. Nolan was the oldest member of the bar in active practice. We have two or three among us who, it is hoped, may be with us long, who have practically retired from the bar and are older than the Colonel; but he was the oldest lawyer practicing. He had many years before him in the popular estimation. We all expected to see him in the court room, although word had come of a slight indisposition the week before. Indeed, he had made his arrangements to be at his office yesterday morning. He had been absent for a week. How all our plans come to nothing in the presence of an over-ruling Providence; and it is an illustration of an expression in the Shakespeare

of which the Colonel was so fond, "the sense of death is most in apprehension." We fear, and yet, when coming into the presence of that insidious monster, it is all over, so quickly, that the pain is mainly, as Shakespeare says, "in the apprehension;" and it is well if it shall be ordered that the pangs, sorrows and pains sometimes attending the severing of the environments shall come in that way.

On coming to Dayton in 1855, I immediately became acquainted with Col. Nolan. We were neighbors, our offices being in the same building for several years, and immediately opposite. I therefore saw much of him, and I knew him well from the very beginning of his career, and all through life; and who is there at this bar who did not know him well? No man at the bar was better known to its members, young or old, than Col. Nolan; and that was not on account of the great mass of business he had here, but there was something in his associations and life that made him known, made him companionable and agreeable; and it was this undefinable something which seemed to draw everybody about him; it was this undefinable something which has been referred to by our chairman which enabled him to wring—literally to wring—verdicts from juries. As was said, he never could see why the effects produced by this undefinable characteristic of him should not stand as the law of the case; and when one of our most distinguished judges had set aside one of his verdicts three times in the same case he was utterly unable to see why that was done. His own impulse, his own idea of the right of his case, was such that he felt that there could be no other side to it. It is one of the characteristics of a good lawyer at least, that he sees his own side clearly and fully, even though he does not see the other side.



He had great faith in the jury, as you all know—an unbounded faith in the jury—and he did not believe that any judge had a right to set aside a verdict that was rendered in his favor by a jury; and I do not remember but once of his making a motion for a new trial where a jury had decided against him, and that was such an unusual thing that he came into court and apologized for making the motion.

We may account for this influence, which he had over the masses, from the capacity and ability he had to get down to the common apprehension, to the common feelings, sympathies and emotions of common men; and he presented those facts and circumstances in his case which would be most likely to catch the ear and impress itself upon the mind of the jury. Nobody but a wit and a genius would think of presenting the baby in a bastardy case—making profert of it to the jury as evidence in his case. And that is but a specimen of his quick wit in the management of his cases. Then, he had a way of appealing to the sympathy of the jury, and of belittling the profound arguments of the opposite counsel. I remember on one occasion—and I see the two distinguished ex-criminal lawyers of this county before me—when my brother Thompson here was prosecuting attorney; at his request I assigned the Colonel to assist him in prosecuting a party indicted for murder in the second degree. Two of the most eminent criminal lawyers this county has ever produced were engaged in the defence; the testimony was such as to show pretty clearly that if this party was guilty of anything it was manslaughter and not murder in the second degree; and such was the fear of bad results, or an unjust verdict, that when it transpired that the

Colonel was to have the closing argument—the “wind-up,” as he always said—these distinguished gentlemen came to me and suggested that the argument should be limited, and that the court should exercise very great care lest the jury should be misled. And I remember to this day his characterization of the “reasonable doubt” so much used in the argument of criminal cases. His characterization of a “reasonable doubt” was the most amusing I ever heard; and listening to his method of presenting the matter I should not have been surprised had the jury gone astray in returning a verdict.

A few days ago I found lying upon my table an envelope, addressed in his own handwriting, containing an article he had written some time ago upon the subject of the annexation of Canada; and I looked at it at noon to-day. In the first two or three paragraphs he states clearly and succinctly the argument in behalf of annexation; our community of interest, sympathy of feeling, proximity, the right of the United States to control the mouth of the St. Lawrence river and the great trade that flows through it to the lakes, and from the lakes to the sea. Those arguments were presented very well in two or three brief paragraphs, and after that the arguments went off to other matters less pertinent; and this method was characteristic of him. He would catch up the leading thought in his case, or the leading thought on any subject, and would present that thought pertinently and forcibly and logically, and then digress to matters that had less logical relation to the subject under discussion; and it was this capacity which undoubtedly gave him the power and influence which he had over the jury.



It has occurred to me that I might with much propriety read a paragraph from Shakespeare—one he was fond of quoting to us, and which would be a more forcible reminder of the presence and social life of Col. Nolan than almost anything that could be said here: "To be, or not to be." You all remember it, and have heard him recite it perhaps a hundred times, may be more than that; and if you will excuse me I will read a few lines of it, so as to bring him right before us. If I could only read it as he was in the habit of reciting it, we should then realize that Col. Nolan, though absent in flesh, was really with us to-day in spirit.

"To be, or not to be, that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And, by opposing, end them? To die: to sleep;  
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;  
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause. There's the respect,  
That makes calamity of so long life:  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns, puzzles the will;  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of!"

And so it is that the words of Shakespeare had so entered into his feelings and into his life that, though he cannot be

here with us, every time we open Shakespeare we will fall upon some common expression or quotation that we were in the daily habit of hearing from him.

Mr. Samuel Craighead: After what has been so well said, not much need be expected from me. I had not known, did not hear, that Col. Nolan was ill, or out of health in any way, and therefore his sudden death was a great surprise to me, as of course it was to all.

He had long been, as has been said here, a citizen of Dayton and a member of this bar, and I, of course, had known him very well. If I ever noticed any change in him during the past few years, it was this: he seemed to me, Mr. President, during the last few years when I met him casually, to be somewhat more subdued in spirit and in manner; he seemed to be somewhat more considerate in thought and in expression, than he had been formerly. But this seemed to me simply in keeping with, and characteristic of, the old age, which I suppose he was entering upon, and which seemed to me to be rather mellow and comfortable and pleasant.

As a trial lawyer in jury cases I always found Col. Nolan to be an adversary to be very carefully considered. It seemed to me, always, he was likely to do that which you did not expect. You could not anticipate what he was going to do or what he was going to say; but he was always sure to say something and do something that made his adversary take a lively interest in what was going on; and of one thing we might always be sure: that in his manner and speech to the jury he was always eloquent, always humorous and always effective.

In his social intercourse with the bar, and, so far as I know, in his social intercourse with the whole community, he was genial, witty and friendly.



But he has gone, and we are here to express our estimate of him and to sorrow with the family and friends who are bereaved in his death.

Mr. George R. Young: Mr. Chairman—As a young man, notwithstanding so much has been said, and so well said by Col. Nolan's more immediate cotemporaries, I hope I may be pardoned for saying a few words.

Col. Nolan's death appeals with peculiar force to me, from the fact, among others, that his is the first death among the older members of the bar since that of my own father, and from the fact that it happened under circumstances so similar. It seems indeed strange to be assembled on an occasion of this kind without having Col. Nolan also with us and hearing his voice; because he was ever ready to do honor to the memory of his deceased associates, and, as I remember, his judgments expressed on such occasions were always charitable and at the same time just and discriminating.

I wish especially, Mr. Chairman, to bear testimony to his uniform kindness and courtesy towards the younger members of the bar. He was a man who was peculiarly youthful in his feelings and manner, and I never met and conversed with him without being at the same time instructed and highly entertained by his conversation. It seems to me certainly not more than a week or ten days since I met him here in this court room and had a very pleasant little chat with him about his very beautiful article published in the Herald in memory of his friend, the late Donn Piatt; and it is certainly not more than ten days since, one afternoon, in passing through the Kuhn's building, he dropped into our office, remarking that, as he was in the building, he did not

want to pass by without dropping in to make a little social call. He had with him, at the time, the plans of his new residence, and he sat down and we had a very pleasant little talk, the Colonel being very much interested in the work he had in hand, and he pointed out with a great deal of interest the different features in the plan of his new house. This little incident has served to impress very strongly on my mind the uncertainty of human expectations.

I regret most deeply his death, and sympathize sincerely with his son and his bereaved family.

The motion to adopt the memorial was then carried unanimously.

On motion of Mr. Kumler the meeting adjourned to meet here at half-past one to-morrow (Thursday) afternoon.



Tributes of the Press.



## SUDDENLY CALLED.

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COL. M. P. NOLAN STRICKEN WITH HEART  
FAILURE.

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He is Taken Ill at the Supper Table and Dies  
in a Few Minutes.

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*SHORT SKETCH OF THE CAREER OF A REMARKABLE MAN,  
WHO HAS LONG BEEN A PROMINENT FIGURE  
IN THE COMMUNITY.*

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[From "Dayton Times."]

The death of Col. M. P. Nolan, which occurred shortly after six o'clock last evening, comes to his large circle of friends as indeed a shock profound.

While partaking of supper with his family he suddenly fell into the arms of his son, Harry F. Nolan, and in a few moments thereafter, in the loving embrace of his wife, he passed into the night of death to emerge into that shining realm where sorrow and darkness are unknown.

Heart failure was the cause of his demise. The melancholy and astounding intelligence of his death spread rapidly on the streets last evening, and created a marked sensation. His sudden taking off is a severe shock to his family, by whom he was so tenderly loved. In this sad hour of their bereavement they have the heartfelt condolence of all their friends.



Col. Nolan was an affable, whole-souled gentleman, a hearty friend and boon companion, frank and outspoken at all times. He was courteous by nature, not by rule, warm-hearted, and of cordial face. His love was sincere and his tears pure messengers sent from his heart.

The deceased possessed a remarkable memory. Shakespeare was his favorite author, from whose works he could quote at will.

A gentleman thus describes him: "Col. Michael P. Nolan was in some respects the most remarkable man at the bar. In person he was not above the medium height, slightly inclined to rotundity of figure, and in appearance was quite *distingue*. He had all the native wit and readiness of repartee characteristic of his nationality, and endeavored in all instances to get his cases before the jury, where he had few peers, and still fewer superiors. At times he was truly eloquent, and from any speech of his of an hour's duration, passages may be called, which, in beauty of arrangement and effectiveness of delivery, would compare with the studied efforts of the best speakers of the day. His speeches were extemporaneous; anything like a studied effort would have been a failure with him. His oratory was not rude, yet far from classic, being of the style which caught the popular ear and held a crowd that would have grown weary under the voice of men of much greater pretensions."

Col. M. P. Nolan was born in Dublin, Ireland, June 18, 1823. The following year his parents emigrated to this country, settling in Lancaster county, Penn., removing to Dayton in 1838, where the deceased has since resided.

The Colonel's early life was one of toil and privation, and he literally "fabricated his own fortune." Without the advantages of schooling in his youth, he learned the trade of carriage making, entered a debating society, with which there was connected a good library—for that day—previous to the era of public libraries. He read extensively the standard authors, devoted himself to study, and, possessing a good memory, retained the information thus early acquired, upon which he drew with facility. He commanded a canal boat for some time when a young man, and in early manhood cultivated habits of industry, frugality and temperance, which did not desert him in his mature years.

He was married December 30, 1847, to Miss Anna Schenck Clark, of Miamisburg, to whose good sense and guidance he attributed his success in life. There have been born to them ten children, five of whom are living. Industrious and energetic, after marriage, he worked at his trade during the day, spent his nights in reading law, and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-eight.

In the legal profession he soon became distinguished as an advocate, and was considered a successful lawyer, especially with juries, from whom he would secure verdicts quite unexpected, many of which were set aside by the courts. He had more verdicts thus set aside than any other practicing attorney in this county.

Upon the breaking out of the rebellion in April, 1861, and the call was made by President Lincoln for troops, Col. Nolan raised Company G, Eleventh Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and at the railroad depot, just before starting with his company for the rendezvous camp, on being called out by the multitude, made a short,



patriotic speech, which created quite a furore. He became lieutenant-colonel of the Fiftieth Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and subsequently colonel of the One Hundred and Ninth.

During the war the Colonel was an active member of the Union League; was its president in the Third Congressional District of Ohio, and the delegate from that body to the convention that re-nominated Lincoln, at Baltimore, June 4, 1864. In Ohio, during the summer of 1863, he assisted in organizing the "War Democracy," with Col. S. J. McGroarty and a few others, who drew up a declaration of principles, together with an address to the patriotic Democrats of the state. The other gentlemen were inclined to make a ticket, but Col. Nolan strenuously insisted upon the endorsement of John Brough for governor, and his counsel was finally taken. He entered vigorously upon the canvass, was well received by large audiences, and on the 7th of October, 1863, spoke at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, and was greeted with the largest audience of the season, his speech being partially reported and portions of it re-produced in the leading journals of the country. Among the people his speeches were well received, original, independent, and noted for candor; always extempore, using no notes, but relying wholly upon his memory.

For several years after the war closed Col. Nolan was a United States commissioner in this city.

At the Fourth of July celebration in Dayton for 1876, Col. Nolan was the orator selected by the citizens' committee, and accordingly delivered the centennial oration. In August, 1877, he prepared a paper on the present condition of laboringmen, which appeared in

a morning contemporary, and which excited much discussion, claiming, as it did, that most of the distress among the laboring classes was the result of labor-saving machinery. The document was widely circulated, extensively read and translated into German.

Col. Nolan led a steady, temperate life, drinking no kinds of spirituous liquors, and never even used tobacco. In 1877, when the great temperance wave swept over the country, Col. Nolan was unanimously elected president of the first Murphy organization of Dayton.

In 1878 he was solicited by the Greenback Labor party to accept their nomination for congress in this district, which he did without any prospect of election. He entered the field and earnestly advocated the principles of that party to large audiences, and, under the circumstances, obtained a handsome vote.

But a few years ago Col. Nolan entered into partnership with his son, City Attorney Harry F. Nolan. They had a lucrative practice.

A wife, sister and five children survive the deceased. The names of the children are: Miss Mary E., Mrs. Samuel M. Kehoe, Dr. Charles N., Miss Louisa B., who is attending the art school at Cincinnati, and City Attorney Harry F. Nolan. Col. Nolan's sister, Miss Margaret, resides at the St. Elizabeth Hospital.

The deceased was a member of the Masonic Fraternity, Diester Post No. 446, G. A. R., an honorary member of the Hibernian Rifles and other organizations. The date of the funeral is not set.

December 1st, '91.

[Reproduced in the "Evening News."]



### The "Dayton Times" Editorial.

Col. M. P. Nolan, whose sudden death is announced elsewhere, was in many respects a remarkable man. He possessed a strong, vigorous intellect, and a wonderfully retentive memory. Beginning life under disadvantageous circumstances, by close application to study he improved his mind, added to his store of information and acquired a good knowledge of the law, in which profession he enjoyed for many years a lucrative practice. Endowed with natural graces of oratory, he was a pleasant and popular public speaker. His genial disposition and ready wit always made him a welcome guest at popular assemblages. Many citizens of Dayton will long retain kindly recollections of Col. Nolan. Ten days ago, their appeared in this paper, an article of a column and a half in length, from his pen—Reminiscences of Col. Donn Piatt. Little did Col. Nolan then think he was so soon to follow his old friend Piatt into the unknown beyond.

[*This Editorial was also reproduced in the "Evening News."*]

### THE LATE COL. M. P. NOLAN.

[*From the "Dayton Journal"*]

Col. Michael P. Nolan, a notable figure in Dayton for a third of a century, died suddenly of heart failure, at his supper table, yesterday evening, aged 68. He was born in Dublin in 1823, and came to Dayton in 1838. He learned the trade of carriage making, but subsequently went into law. At the outbreak of the rebellion he was an enthusiastic patriot, volunteered, and was elected

lieutenant-colonel of the 109th O. V. I. He did good service in recruiting for both the 50th and 109th O. V. I. In those days he was a strikingly handsome man, of ready wit, eloquent tongue, fiery and passionate according to his warm Irish nature. At the bar he was not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others. At the bar he was genial, complaisant, attentive to the interests of his clients, and popular with his professional brethren. On public festive occasions everybody liked to hear "Mike" Nolan. Besides natural Irish wit, he was well read in Irish tradition and history. Besides his regular practice in his profession, Col. Nolan had a large clientele among applicants for pensions, and many generous things are said of his charity towards the humbler class of people, especially the widows and orphans of soldiers. Politically, he was generally a nothingarian on local questions, but mostly a Democrat after the war. During the war he was eloquently, and as violently as he could be, hostile to Vallandigham and the copperheads. He was a great admirer of Abraham Lincoln, and was a delegate to the National Convention, at Baltimore in 1864, that nominated Lincoln and Johnson. As a rule, however, he could not be consistently claimed by any party, excepting when he publicly declared himself. Personally, he was an estimable, worthy citizen of unblemished reputation.

He was married December 30, 1847, to Miss Anna S. Clark, of Miamisburg, who survives. Ten children were born to them, five of whom are living. They are: Miss Mary, Miss Louise, and Mrs. Samuel M. Kehoe, Dr. Charles N. and Harry F. Nolan, the latter, City Attorney.

He was a member of Diester Post, G. A. R., which body will probably have charge of his funeral.

December 1, '91.



## A SUDDEN DEATH.

COL. M. P. NOLAN DIED IN HIS CHAIR LAST NIGHT  
FROM HEART FAILURE.

### Brief Biography of his Eventful Life.

[From "The Evening Herald."]

The sudden death of Colonel Michael P. Nolan last evening, at his residence on Perry street, shortly after six o'clock, was a terrible shock to his family, as it came without warning; and the sad intelligence, which was rapidly circulated through the city, was sorrowful information to his large circle of friends, and to the great multitude who knew and admired him.

Colonel Nolan had been unwell for several days, and had for a time been confined to his home, but he had much improved, and had measurably regained his usual admirable spirits. His greeting to his family, when sitting down to the evening meal, was unusually cordial and affectionate, and his kindly mood was noticeable. While eating he was suddenly overcome by faintness, and would have fallen to the floor had he not been caught in the arms of his son, Harry F. Nolan, who assisted in tenderly carrying the Colonel to a comfortable couch, and a physician was hurriedly sent for. However, the stricken man was already beyond human aid. He breathed his last in the arms of his affectionate wife a few moments later. The physicians pronounced the immediate cause of death as heart failure.

Col. Nolan was a native of Dublin, Ireland, where he

was born June 18, 1823, and was consequently in his sixty-ninth year. His father was William Nolan, who emigrated with his family to this country when the subject of this sketch was quite an infant. The family first located in Lancaster, Pa., where they resided until Michael was nearly seventeen years old, when they came to this city and made it their permanent residence. The elder Mr. and Mrs. Nolan were greatly respected by old citizens with whom they associated; they gave their son Michael the best education of which they were capable at that early day, and he proved an apt scholar. Indeed, Colonel Nolan took his education into his own hands, and he thoroughly acquired all the knowledge that came within his reach. Being possessed of strong sense, and inheriting a genius which grasps and gives out all that is worth gathering, young Nolan soon made himself a position among the foremost young men of his association here; and, in spite of his lack of means and devotion to his trade of carriage-maker, he early commenced the reading of the classics, and afterwards studied law, uniting study with labor, and succeeding in both.

Colonel Nolan was married to Miss Anna Clark, of Miamisburg, December 30, 1847. She was an estimable young lady, bright and well educated, and she was indeed a help-meet to her husband, in all regards. They were the parents of ten children, five of whom survive.

Colonel Nolan was admitted to the bar here when he was twenty-eight years old, and he soon took a prominent position. His retentive memory and his ready wit served him well. He could talk entertainingly on all subjects of public interest, and his addresses were always garnished with quotations from Shakespeare, and from the old



authors, which made them doubly interesting to his hearers. He was in touch with all classes of society, and was "everybody's friend." He was always a strictly temperate man, and he gave his example and talents to the cause of total abstinence, in later years taking an effective stand for temperance in high and low life.

When the war broke out in April, 1861, and the call of President Lincoln was made for 75,000 troops for three months, Colonel Nolan promptly raised a company for the Eleventh Regiment of infantry. He afterwards was promoted to be lieutenant-colonel of the Fiftieth Regiment O. V. I., and was subsequently colonel of the One Hundred and Ninth O. V. I. All the while he actively promoted volunteering, and did much towards training the troops for active service in the army.

All through the period of the rebellion, Colonel Nolan was an active and useful member of the Union League; he was president of the branch in the Third Congressional District, and he was a delegate from the League to the convention which nominated President Lincoln, June 4, 1864. He was associated with Col. S. J. McGroarty in the organization of the branch of the service known as "The War Democracy," and they probably contributed quite as much to the success of enlistments in Ohio as any others in the service. It is notable that Col. Nolan, who was an old-time Democrat, strenuously opposed the formation of a Democratic ticket in the year '63, and insisted on endorsing Governor Brough, the War Democratic Governor. He made an active canvass of the State, and his speeches were received with hearty enthusiasm everywhere. He reached the public heart wherever he spoke, and had notably the largest meetings gathered any where.

The secret of his success in forensic efforts was his sympathy with the masses; he was not a respecter of persons or parties, advocating the right, as he understood it, no matter whom it helped or harmed.

The life of Col. Nolan was so eventful, and so full of usefulness, that it will be impossible, in a newspaper article, to do justice to his memory and good deeds. His neighbors and wide circle of friends will do him full justice.

After the close of the war, Col. Nolan was for several years United States Commissioner in this city, and contributed greatly to the successful collection of the revenues in this district. Since he retired from the United States service, Col. Nolan had devoted his time and talents to the practice of his profession. A few years ago, he associated with him, in the practice of law, his son, Harry F. Nolan, and their business has been lucrative. Col. Nolan acquired considerable property, and leaves his family in good circumstances.

Few citizens will be missed more than Col. Nolan; and no one has died in this city for whom more regret has been expressed, and the whole community unite to mourn his death and honor his memory. His family have lost an affectionate and helpful head, and this community a distinguished and useful member.

The survivors are his wife, and five children: Miss Mary E. Nolan, Mrs. Samuel M. Kehoe, Dr. Charles N. Nolan, Miss Louisa B. Nolan (who is attending the Art School, Cincinnati), and City Attorney, Mr. Harry F. Nolan. A sister, Miss Margaret, a member of St. Elizabeth Hospital management, also survives, and is the last member of the family of William Nolan, senior.

December 1, '91.



[*"Evening Herald's" Editorial.*]

The sudden death of Col. Michael P. Nolan was a shock to the entire community. Everybody knew him—for his genial, companionable nature made him friend among all with whom he came in contact. Col. Nolan was once a prominent man in politics in this city and county, and his address at Beckel Hall during the days when Mr. Vallandigham was a prominent factor in Montgomery county politics, and was opposed by Col. Nolan, packed the hall as it had never before been filled. Col. Nolan had the wit and humor of his nationality, and was a ripe Shakespearean scholar. He was a self-made man, and leaves a clean record, unspotted and unblemished.

## COL. M. P. NOLAN.

### Sudden Death of a Prominent Attorney of Dayton.

[*From the "Cincinnati Enquirer."*]

DAYTON, OHIO, November 30.—Col. M. P. Nolan, a prominent attorney of this city, died suddenly, this evening, of paralysis of the heart. He was born in Ireland in 1823, and with his parents removed to this city in 1838, where he has since resided. In the war of the rebellion, he organized, at the call for troops, Company G of the One Hundred and Tenth Ohio Volunteer Infantry. Afterward, he was lieutenant-colonel of the Fiftieth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and subsequently colonel of the One Hundred and Ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry. He was a delegate to the National Convention, at Baltimore, that

nominated Abraham Lincoln. He was noted at the bar as a brilliant advocate. His son, Harry F. Nolan, is City Attorney of this city.

December 1, '91.

[*From the "Miamisburg News."*]

In the death of Col. M. P. Nolan, of Dayton, Montgomery county loses one of its best known citizens, and the Dayton bar one of its leading advocates. He was a remarkable man in many respects. Beginning life under great disadvantages, by industry, integrity and native ability he conquered for himself a most enviable position at the bar and in the community. He was true and steadfast to his friends, courageous, a born fighter, and knew no such word as fear. He lived for his family, and upon them lavished the love and affection of his strong and tender nature. His personal life was absolutely pure and unblemished, and he died as he had lived, without fear, or without reproach.

Editorial, December 3, '91.

*The "Miamisburg News" also reproduced in its issue of December 3d, the "Times" biographical notice.*

[*From the "Liberator."*]

The "Times," speaking editorially of Col. Nolan's death, says: "Col. M. P. Nolan, whose sudden death is announced elsewhere, was in many respects a remarkable man. He possessed a strong, vigorous intellect, and a wonderfully retentive memory. Beginning life under disadvantageous circumstances, by close application to study he improved his mind, added to his store of information, and acquired



a good knowledge of the law, in which profession he enjoyed, for many years, a lucrative practice. Endowed with natural graces of oratory, he was a pleasant and popular public speaker. His genial disposition and ready wit always made him a welcome guest at popular assemblages. Many citizens of Dayton will long retain kindly recollections of Col. Nolan. Ten days ago there appeared in this paper an article of a column and a half in length, from his pen—Reminiscences of Col. Donn Piatt. Little did Col. Nolan then think he was so soon to follow his old friend Piatt into the unknown beyond." The editor of the "Liberator" enjoyed an acquaintance with Col. Nolan, which, though limited as to time, was warm and sympathetic on account of the deep interest both felt in the cause of temperance, and we can say that the temperance people of Dayton will sincerely mourn his death.

December 4, '91.

## Obsequies.



## BORNE TO THE TOMB.

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COL. M. P. NOLAN GIVEN A SOLDIER'S BURIAL.

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Impressive Funeral Services held at the late  
Residence of the Deceased.

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*THE OBSEQUIES ATTENDED BY MEMBERS OF THE BAR,  
DIESTER POST, G. A. R., REPRESENTATIVES OF  
THE HIBERNIAN RIFLES AND  
MANY FRIENDS.*

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One of the saddest funerals that has wended its way, for many a day, to the silent city of the dead, beautiful Woodland, occurred yesterday afternoon, bearing the remains of the lamented Col. M. P. Nolan.

The services were held at the residence on Perry street. It was wholly inadequate to accommodate the large concourse of friends assembled to pay their last tribute of love and esteem to the dead, who was "of soul sincere, in action faithful, and in honor clear, who broke no promise, served no private end."

It was past two o'clock when the quartette, composed of Miss Ida Finke, soprano; Miss Lillie Hessler, alto; Mr. G. Edward Finke, tenor, and Mr. George H. Hessler, bass, opened the services by the singing of the hymn,



"Abide with Me," which was rendered touchingly beautiful. This was followed by scripture reading by

REV. E. E. BAKER.

Rev. Baker read selections from the 15th chapter of the First Corinthians. This was read because it was a favorite study with Col. Nolan. An eloquent and earnest prayer was next offered up to God by Rev. E. E. Baker, after which he delivered an address, taking for his text Revelations xxii, 11, 12: "Behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be." Many beautiful sentiments were derived from this text by Mr. Baker, who paid a glowing tribute to the deceased in his usual eloquent manner.

REV. W. A. HALE'S ADDRESS.

Rev. Baker was followed by Rev. W. A. Hale, a personal and warm friend of Col. Nolan. Rev. Hale's tribute was beautiful. In substance he spoke as follows: "I was surprised to learn that in a moment, unannounced and unexpected, our friend and neighbor, Mr. Nolan, was suddenly called from sunshine to the sunless land. I did, as, no doubt, you have done, as, no doubt, all men do, when a co-worker in the great work of life falls from line, immediately recall the record he has made, the character which was his, the work he did, and the honors he has won. Not that I expected to be called upon this occasion to recount anything of this life, but because a man is what he makes himself, the work completed by his own hand, the product of his own industry and virtue. All men begin at zero. All men have not the difficulty in reaching the climax that others experience. But each must develop by the acquisition of what is true. What endures is true. And from the past and present the

materials abound from which he shapes that splendid temple called character.

His fellowships, his studies, his contracts, and his strifes with the interest and opinions of men are additions to that experience of every-day life that develops mind, heart and character. This never dies. Some men are content to move through life and touch nature so lightly that she will yield no treasure. Content to stand on that great broad level where men of equal height, equally insensible to duty and careless of destiny, live and die and are forgotten. But not so with the man who desires to live.

THE PRICE OF IMMORTALITY.

Immortality is the price of everlasting application. These men cannot die. Jeremiah is not dead, but enthroned upon the clouds of effulgent and immortal glory, he thunders his sentiments upon the countless millions upon the earth. In the body he prophesied to the king and the court at Jerusalem. To-day, he prophesies to the whole round world. While a citizen of Judea, subject to the persecution and malice of men struggling against mortality, men said he lived, but to-day God and angels shout for him, to die was but to begin to live. Socrates is not dead. As a citizen of Greece, he could lead his dozen disciples by classic walks, and shed upon them intellectual light. But to-day he has every gentleman pretending culture a student at his feet. Demosthenes harangued a few hundred in his day and generation, but to-day all orators are his pupils, and all actors his humble slaves. These men dead? No! Enlarged are there spheres, extended their dominions commensurate with the crown of the quickened, glorified life that, in our folly, we call death. Now, as these men, beginning at zero,



climb to the shining summit of eternal light by industry, study and virtue, so did the dead. As I looked upon this life to-day, I see the boy from the Emerald Isle seeking protection under the fraternal wings of American liberty, struggling to rise to the emoluments, honor and blessings of citizenship.

If any man could plead justification for the neglect of study, if any man could justify the neglect of duty to himself, and be content to plod on in the path of his mechanic's life, could not that man whose hours were from sun to sun? You, gentlemen, who remember the customs of labor of one or two score years ago, remember the long hours of toil imposed upon men, yet our brother

#### FOUND TIME TO STUDY.

He knew to have better days he must be a better man—store his mind with useful knowledge, familiarize himself with the thoughts of the ages—and so, without teachers, he chose his studies, obeyed a rigid regime, and became an historian, literateur, political economist and a useful man. Some one has said, that to fail of a college education is an immeasurable calamity to the young man who would make the most of life. My answer to that is the reply made to the criticisms of the greatest preacher of the world, when Rev. Spurgeon saw fit to become a pastor at nineteen without such qualifications, namely, that to enter life's labors surrounded by the best minds that are grouped, even in the poor man's library, to walk, to talk, to fellowship with these minds, is to verify the word of God: "They that walk with the wise shall be wise." This, dear hearers, was our friend's alma mater. Mr. Nolan was an independent man, tried truth by the necessities of his race, and measured its value by its

adoption to American citizenship. He loved this country, her government, her institutions, her citizens, her army and her honor. It was not to gain easier livelihood that he became an American, but because he saw in this republic the greatest possibilities of a good man. He gave her his allegiance, and laid upon her altar all that he was, and was therefore especially attached to his comrades in arms. While of Democratic antecedents, Col. Nolan was one of those who believed and maintained that the war was *not* a failure, and that it should be prosecuted while there was a man in the army, or a dollar in the treasury. How many times he had been present at the funeral of his comrades. It was not an idle presence.

He was there because he loved them. Loved the men who had shared the last cracker, bore in their bodies the hardships of war, whose records he knew, whose loyalty he had seen proved. He was a good citizen, and in his obedience of law, both written and unwritten, ever endeavored to exemplify the character of a good citizen. Col. Nolan did with his might what his hand found to do. How fully he exemplified this quality in the great temperance reform that swept over this country in 1877 and '78, the most reasonable of all reforms. It was in that noble campaign that I learned to know my friend, came to understand the man's profound sympathy for the enslaved and the fallen, listened to his earnest and eloquent pleadings as he portrayed the excellency of a temperate life, or described the horror of strong drink. He gave his talent, his time and his means to promote the cause, and when some poor, wretched man came forward, and in the light of the motto, "with malice toward none,



and charity for all," forswore the cup, his great warm heart overflowed with sincere sympathy for the man who then began a struggle of life and death. His support was not an empty profession; for Col. Nolan to enlist in any cause meant honest, earnest and strong support. Bearing our own expenses and giving our time, we journeyed together over this country to present the cause of temperance, and this, upon his part, was a sacrifice of most valuable time, but when this view of the work was taken, he would answer, "Yes, but if we can save one man, one home, one wife, and children from the curse of drink, God in heaven will be our reward."

He was a brave man, an independent thinker. He could not be bound by narrow lines. His sublimest joy lay in liberty, liberty to act, liberty to think, and liberty to be. While a Democrat, he claimed the right to exercise full choice in casting his ballot, to make choice of men, to make the interest and welfare of the nation and state pre-eminently first. This loyalty to fundamental principles gave his character that luster that attaches to the men who, in the war for the Union, had for their motto, "every man and every dollar to the support of the dear old flag, but to divide the Union, never!"

The large concourse drawn together by this disposition of Providence, realize that a noble man has fallen at the climax of a useful life. Like a true soldier, he met death in full armor, and, though out-scored by that unerring archer that, sooner or later, out-scores us all, he goes to his rest full of honor, and bestows upon his friends the legacy of a good name, more to be desired than riches."

Benediction by Rev. Hale followed his eloquent eulogy, after which the quartette sang, exquisitely, "Asleep in Jesus."

#### THE HIBERNIAN RIFLES.

Four representatives of the Hibernian Rifles, clad in their full regalia, then conducted a very brief religious service according to the ritual of this order. The four gentlemen were Capt. P. J. Madden, First Lieut. J. P. O'Connell, Second Lieut. Tim McEntee and Lieut. C. P. Sweetman, quartermaster of the Hibernian battalion.

"Nearer My God to Thee" was next beautifully and feelingly rendered by the quartette, after which an opportunity was given those desiring to view the remains.

#### THE FUNERAL CORTEGE

Was headed by the Metropolitan Band, the Dayton Bar, who attended in a body, and Diester Post, G. A. R., eight members of whom walked alongside the hearse, four on either side. At the railroad crossing on Main street, the Dayton Bar, with Judges Elliott and Boltin at the head, stood in open order, their heads uncovered, allowing the funeral cortege to pass through. Diester Post, G. A. R., here took charge of the funeral. Col. M. P. Nolan was given a soldier burial.

#### AT THE CEMETERY.

At the cemetery Diester Post conducted the services. The commander said: "One by one, as the years roll on, we are called together to fulfill these last sad duties of respect to our comrades of the war. The present, full of the cares and pleasures of civil life, fades away, and we look back to the time when, shoulder to shoulder, on bloody battlefields, we fought for our dear old flag. 'Here lies the body of a true-hearted, brave and earnest defender of the republic.'"

The remains were temporarily placed in a vault.



DIESTER HALL, G. A. R.,

DAYTON, O., DEC. 12, 1891.

WHEREAS, In the providence of Almighty God, our beloved Comrade M. P. Nolan has been removed from our midst, we desire to express our sincere and affectionate sympathy to the relatives and friends of the deceased.

*Resolved*, That we sincerely mourn him as a comrade worthy of our highest regard and love.

*Resolved*, That the family and relatives of the deceased have our sincere and kindly sympathy, and that we commend them to Divine Providence for consolation in this, their bereavement.

*Resolved*, That this earnest testimonial of heart-felt sympathy be spread upon the minutes of the Post, and a copy of the same be handed to the family of the deceased.

M. R. SHALTERS.

M. M. SMITH.

J. ZEARING.

Committee.

ARMORY, HIBERNIAN RIFLES,

DAYTON, O., DEC. 31, 1892.

WHEREAS, In the dispensation of His divine providence it has pleased Almighty God to take from amongst us, in the vigor and activity of his life and usefulness, our esteemed brother, M. P. Nolan, who was a generous friend and liberal contributing member of this organization, and,

WHEREAS, Further, the career of the deceased during his long residence in this city, by his distinguished ability as a lawyer, his patriotism, in the hour of his adopted country's peril, as a soldier, and his honorable, upright character at all times as a man and citizen, has endeared him to us, and causes us to cherish his memory as that of a distinguished representative of our race, therefore: be it

*Resolved*, That in the death of our deceased brother, Col. M. P. Nolan, the Hibernian Rifles have lost a generous friend; the city of Dayton a good citizen, and the family of the deceased a kind husband and father; therefore,

*Resolved*, Further, that these resolutions be spread on the records of the company, and a committee consisting of Capt. P. T. Madden, Dennis Dwyer and Kerien Fitzpatrick, is hereby appointed to present a copy of same to the family of our deceased brother, who have our sincere sympathy in this, the hour of their sad bereavement.



Conclusion.



## CONCLUSION.

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The foregoing tributes of honor and respect to the memory of the late Col. M. P. Nolan, including the "Tribute of a Friend" in the opening pages, have all come unsolicited, and are the spontaneous outpourings of hearts overflowing with love and loyal devotion to the dear departed. They have covered every point—and covered them well—that could be expected in a brief biography like this. There are one or two points, however, which were passed over, and which, under this particular circumstance, were delicate questions to any one outside the family circle.

Now it is, I think, proper for me to state that, while the writer of these concluding remarks is neither a son nor daughter of the deceased—and can therefore speak with more freedom from the restraint of modesty, which would naturally impel a son or daughter to silence—yet he is so close that he can speak with authority, and accuracy as to facts.

My first impulse is to heartily thank, on behalf of the wife and family of Col. Nolan, all who have in various ways aided in the preparation of this memorial, either as contributors or otherwise. Especial thanks are due and extended to the author of the "Tribute of a Friend," who, out of true love and devotion to deceased and family, gave most cheerfully his time and labor, not only to writing his contribution, but also aided very materially in editing and compiling the entire work previous to publication. Many, many thanks to all.



Now to the other point. It is in regard to the religious views of the deceased. The question has naturally been asked quite frequently: To what church did Col. Nolan belong? or did he belong to any? or was he a non-believer? To the latter I answer most emphatically, *no!* As to the former, I will explain.

I have known Col. Nolan for the past six years as few others have known him. I can frankly say that, apart from the ties of blood, I have not, nor ever had, any nearer or dearer friend than he; and I have the sublime satisfaction of feeling assured that my affection for him was fully reciprocated. Hence, as to his private life and religious views, I can speak with perfect knowledge and freedom. As most of his friends are aware, Col. Nolan's parents were Roman Catholics, and he was naturally, by force of circumstances, brought up in that faith. He was, during the earlier years of his life, a practical member of that church. But as he grew older and became more mature of judgment, his mind became too broad and liberal, his judgment too deep and comprehensive, and, in short, the man became too intelligent and logical to be confined within the narrow limits of sect or creed. He believed in eternal life, not for a select few, but for all mankind.

He did his own thinking, his own reasoning; and in this he exercised the inherent right of every free-born man. Col. Nolan was dictated to neither in his religious, political or other views by no living man.

But, while this was all true of him, yet we must not conclude that he was an irreligious or unbelieving man. Far from it. While others were perhaps louder in their

*Profession* of their respective religious views, he *acted* and *lived* his.

In conjunction with his sober judgment, he was governed largely by his impulses, and, as has been said by Judge Boltin, his impulses were always right, inherently right. For instance, he believed the old semi-barbarous system of human slavery to be radically wrong, and he did not fear nor hesitate to attack it with all the force of his vigorous nature, away back at a date in our history when such attack, coming, as it did, from one of Democratic proclivities, meant political ostracism, if not indeed political suicide. Nor did he forego his vigorous antagonism until the hideous monster of slavery in our beloved land was annihilated, and forever buried beneath the force of arms impelled by the avalanche of the now popular tide of public opinion. Of this public opinion, Col. Nolan was one of the framers and most ardent leaders.

I simply quote the above as another proof that he was true to his convictions, regardless of what others might think. When he first advocated the abolition of slavery, nine-tenths of his associates thought it almost foolish, or at least impracticable. But later events and history have amply vindicated his judgment, and the slow but sure evolution of popular opinion now proudly crowns him as one of the pioneers of the cause of universal freedom, and one of the heroes of his day.

Then, again, he was intuitively opposed to intemperance and all its multifarious evil associations, and he did not fear nor fail to attack it whenever the opportunity presented itself. As Rev. Dr. Hale has truly said, he devoted much of his valuable time, talent and experience



to the aid of his fellow-man in the grand and sublime cause of temperance. Then, in this, as in all else, he practiced what he preached.

He was, himself, practically a total abstainer. He lived, in the fullest sense, a temperate life. Temperate not alone as to drinking, but temperate in eating; temperate in his hours of refreshment and sleep as well as of labor; temperate in thought as well as in speech and action. But why go on through the catalogue of virtues? While I would not, of course, make the claim that our dear departed was perfect in all things, still I do feel justified in saying that he was far above the average man in all, and excelled supremely in many. He did that which he believed to be right, actuated by higher motives than reward or punishment.

He could not find it in his noble nature to stoop to anything that was dishonest, dishonorable or deceitful. He believed in the eternal principles of justice, truth and right, and to *believe* with him was to *practice*. He *did* right because it *was* right, and he expected no favors nor special credit for so doing.

But to my mind, the most noble and grand trait of super-excellence in the character of our hero, and, at the same time, the one least known to the world, was his fond love and unceasing devotion to his ever true and loving wife and children. True it is that that wife was true as steel, and as lovingly devoted to every interest of her noble husband as ever wife could be. True, also, that his children idolized their father as few children ever do, yet his love and solicitude for them exceeded all bound or limit.

There was no pleasure that he could afford his family that they did not have; no desire that he could supply that went unsatisfied. He lived in and with and for his family, and he had nor desired no pleasure apart from them. And in this devotion he included all his relatives and family friends, especially his grand-children. His little grand-son, M. P. Nolan, Jr., was indeed very near his heart and very dear to him. I can truly say as one who feels the truth of the assertion, that there never was husband or father missed and mourned more sincerely than he. That vacant chair will never be filled on this side the Golden Shore. And, finally, I wish to say that I *know* that he was a *good* man, and a religious man in his own way. He was a firm and practical believer in a Supreme Being and in a future life.

He was a Royal Arch Mason, and, though in later years, not active in Masonic circles, there were very many traits in his life that showed the benign influence of his Masonic training. A man cannot be a good Free Mason and not be a believer, and also a good man. The two are inseparable. Though not an active member of any particular church, he recognized the good influence of all churches that aided in morality and temperance, and patriotism and devotion to the flag and laws of our country. As before said, he was a firm believer in a Supreme Being, and was wont to communicate with his God every day, in the sacred privacy of his own home, without the intervention of priest or ritual. And he was full of gratitude to his Divine Master for all the blessings of this life. I have seen him, many a time, sit down to the family board and, in lieu of a more formal grace, say, "Thank God, we are all here and well, and have plenty."



What brief and simple words! and yet how full of meaning. What have we in this life aside from our family ties and the ordinary comforts of life? And he thanked his God, in words, brief but full of sincerity and feeling, for those great blessings.

As before stated, he *lived* and *acted* his religious views every day of his life, hence, though he was taken away suddenly, he was, undoubtedly, fully prepared to go.

If he could come back to this life again, and live it all over with the benefit of his present experience, I do not believe that he would materially change the course of his life. I do not think that he would do anything of importance that he has not done, or leave undone much that he has done.

He lived a life full of usefulness and profit to mankind in general, and to those who were dependent upon him in particular. He was true to his God according to the dictates of his own conscience; true to his country and her grand old flag in the most loyal and patriotic sense; true to his family in the most loving and devoted terms, and true to himself as a man of honor and character.

He lived as he would die, and he died as he had lived, cheerful, happy, brave and peaceful. Oh, how pleasant to go thus, knowing that our reward is already assured.

He had been ailing, as we all thought, only slightly for a few days, and, on the day of his death, was thrice over to look after the building of his new home, across the street from where the family was temporarily living. We were not aware of the serious nature of his illness, but we now have reason to feel that he was, for, on the very last day of his life, he said—rather unguardedly,

perhaps—that “this sickness was more serious than we apprehended,” or words to that effect. His life-work was finished. He laid down quietly, peacefully to rest in the evening, to awaken in the ETERNAL MORNING “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.” I believe that the grand and noble spirit of Col. M. P. Nolan occupies a position much nearer the “Great White Throne” this day than many a hair-splitting theologian.

Farewell, dear friend! and more than friend! May sweet peace, and love, and happiness in the heavenly land be your portion for all eternity!

May bright and loving angels be your guides and companions throughout the endless ages!

May the brightness and effulgence of the eternal light brighten and cheer your way through the pathless realms of the eternities forever! Till we meet in that, our eternal home, farewell!

“Angels, ever bright and fair,  
Take, oh take him to thy care.”



APPENDIX.



Extracts  
from a few of the many  
Speeches  
delivered by the late  
Col. M. P. Nolan.



1876.

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## INDEPENDENCE DAY.

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*ITS CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION IN DAYTON.*

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*The Exercises at the Park.*

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ORATION OF COL. M. P. NOLAN.

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One hundred years have elapsed since the Declaration of Independence was produced and read for the first time in public, at the central window of Independence Hall, Philadelphia, by Colonel John Nixon. This being the one hundredth anniversary of our national independence, we have assembled to commemorate the glorious achievements of our ancestors, in producing to the world that declaration just read to you. As a people, we, on this Centennial occasion, have met in order to pay that tribute of gratitude and respect so justly due to those to whom, under God, we are indebted for the twin blessings, LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE.

Where is there a man with heart so cold, so lost to every generous impulse, that feels no thrill of enthusiasm shooting through his frame at the rehearsal of the Declaration of Independence, the MAGNA CHARTA of American liberty? Where, I ask, is he who can listen



to the sentiments therein expressed without being moved to deepest gratitude to those who have thus nobly pledged themselves to stand or fall with the interests of their country, and who staked fortune, life, and sacred honor in defense of the right of self-government?

The custom of our country which causes us upon this Centennial occasion to take from its shelf this paper to which we are indebted so much, to expose it to the gaze of a free people, and read it to the descendants and successors of those who fought and bled in its defense, has been complied with. We have listened with attention to its expressions; we have heard with pleasure the words of that sacred pledge given by the signers, to resist the encroach of a tyrannical government; we have heard their calm, dignified, and, at the same time, bold and determined language; we trace in every line their regret at their approaching separation from the mother country. But we also trace their determinations never to submit to her unjust exactions. The Government of Great Britain little thought that among the humble descendants of the Pilgrims it would meet with men bold enough to set at defiance their whole power—men who would hurl back the haughty menaces of the King with scorn; men who would brave every danger and undergo every species of trial and suffering rather than abate one particle of that freedom which they had determined to obtain. Blindly trusting to their own power, and expecting nothing less than an unqualified submission and passive obedience from the colonies, in an evil hour for themselves the British Ministry framed a bill which would authorize them to replenish their exhausted treasury and provide means to prosecute a European war by the imposition of unjust

taxes on the colonies, thus appropriating to themselves the wealth of the western world. In addition to this, the colonies had experimented most intolerable wrongs and injustice at the hands of the British Government. They were goaded until patience ceased to be a virtue.

But the obstinacy of the British Government soon put a stop to the forbearance of the colonial people. The crisis was impending when they were to stand forth in defense of the principles contained in the declaration. They found that petitioning and remonstrances were not the arms that must be used in their defense, but that nothing less than open resistance could secure to them the rights and privileges consistent with a free people. The enforcement of acts for their taxation was a signal for the colonists to throw off their lethargy and manfully appeal to arms. They thought in anger upon the wrongs they had suffered; they remembered that their fathers had been driven by oppression from old England to New England; they recalled to their minds their stories of suffering and distress, and hurled back the insults of the mother country, with determinations to achieve their independence or perish in the attempt. **THEY SUCCEEDED!**

After seven years of disastrous warfare, after an incredible amount of suffering and distress; after a succession of disasters seldom experienced in the history of nations, and sufficient to have broken the spirit of any other people on earth, they stood forth in the power of freedom, proud of their liberty and their acts of heroism in achieving it. The arm of oppression was broken; the struggle was now over, and America was free. The star of British glory paled and grew dim before the rising sun of American Independence. The old mangy lion of England



crouched under the talons of the young American eagle. The new nation arose like a phoenix emerging from its ashes. It shone forth like the sun, when, dispelling the mist of morning, he appeared again, gladdening nature with the return of light and life. It burst forth on the world's vision as beautiful as new. England wasted her treasure and shed the best blood of her subjects in an unsuccessful attempt to preserve her dominion over the colonies, whom by a course of moderation and justice, she might have attached inviolably to herself.

Let us dwell for a moment upon those men, as they pass before us in our minds, high and determined as they stood this day one hundred years ago, when about to sign the Declaration of Independence. Where on the pages of history can such an assemblage be found? Where can we read of such a body of men in the act of signing such a deed? Does the valor of Leonidas, with his three hundred braves at Thermopelyæ, equal their calm determination and the fixed purpose of those liberators of our country? Is there an example on record of such cool and determined bravery called into action in support of so sublime and patriotic a design? There is not.

How the fame which mighty despots have derived from bloody conquest sinks into insignificance when contrasted with the splendor which actions like these confer upon those who have achieved them! How wan and pale are the chaplets that deck the brow of a Cæsar or an Alexander when contrasted with the laurels which encircle the brows of a Washington or a Jefferson!

We turn with pleasure from the blood stained annals of other nations, whose every page is solid with legends

of rapine and massacre, to the simple annals of our own Revolution. The declaration declares that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain natural, inherent, and inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It denies the tyrant's dogma of the divine right of Kings to rule over mankind; it asserts that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and solemnly affirms the right of the American people to govern themselves as a free and independent nation.

Then we have the ordinance of 1787, introduced by Nathan Dane, of Massachusetts, providing, among other things, that every sixteenth section of all public lands shall be forever dedicated to the support of public schools, thus making the education of the future citizen a covenant running with the land. Wise provisions, for this vast Republic, being of the people, for the people, and by the people, can only be maintained by an educated people. No tongue can speak nor pen write the dangers of ignorance to a Government like this, so vast and so varied in its resources, so comprehensive in its connections, with its large and increasing population, and the composite nature of our people, all of which was, in the second decade of our Government, anticipated by the thinking minds of our early statesmen.

The third paper writing we have is the Constitution. This is an instrument reducing to practice the principles of the Declaration of Independence, or regulating liberty by law. It defines and circumscribes the powers and duties of the National Government. It was ordained by the fathers, in order to form a "more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for



the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity."

In the one hundred years which this day terminates, we have had three grand epochs, and Providence has furnished us with a man gifted for each emergency.

#### THE FIRST EPOCH.

In the darkest hour of the infant Republic, we see the colossal form of Washington emerging from the chaos, inspiring confidence in the desponding hearts of the adherents of freedom. His practical knowledge, his heroic courage and endurance, his statesman-like views, his power to conciliate, his administrative capacity, and his success, gave to him the name of Father of his Country. Lowly as the colonies were when he assumed command, he was determined that they should not long so remain. He cheered them by his council; he called upon them to assume their might, and convinced them of the strength that slumbered in their breasts. He put brave thoughts into their hearts and bold words into their mouths. Always he was their companion, and always he was their friend. He had the confidence of all; he was truly influential. His words were resistless, for they were the echoes of the hearts around him; and to the beating of the hearts of the revolutionary fathers, his own great heart kept time. He loved his country with an enthusiasm that death only could quench. She was the passion of his soul and the devotion of his life.

#### THE SECOND EPOCH.

England was never satisfied with the results of the Revolutionary War. She kindled and kept burning in

the untutored mind of the savage Indians, malice against the frontier settlers, exciting them to acts of cruelty and outrage against defenseless women and children as well as men. She also excited against the settlers of the South and Lower Mississippi the enmity of France and Spain. She kept her fleets cruising off our bays and harbors, impressing our seamen, frequently landing swarms of sailors and mercenaries upon the coast, who plundered the people, and destroyed their property. One of her fleets ascended the Potomac, and in August, 1814, burned the Capitol and its library, destroying all the printing-offices, sending President Madison on a pic-nic to Virginia. England was having things her own way; but Jackson, stern and stoic, exclaimed: "By the Eternal, the power of England in these States must end." All he claimed he asserted, and all he asserted he accomplished.

When the capitol fell, all eyes were turned toward New Orleans. England sent a large fleet and army to capture this unprotected gem of the South. Jackson, anticipating the design, assembled his forces in front of the city, assumed the responsibility of proclaiming martial law, placed his little army behind cotton bales, and received the advancing red-coats with all the warmth of his Celtic heart, and with such a destructive fire as laid their dead bodies in winrows.

Peckingham, the commander of this expedition, while crossing over the Atlantic, paced the quarter-deck of his flag-ship in all

"Pride, pompt, and circumstance of glorious war."

Landing at the head of fifteen thousand victors of European battle-fields, on the eight day of January, 1815, he commenced the attack. Jackson rose above the storm,



and was serene in the whirlwind. The annals of bloody strifes furnish no parallel to the carnage that ensued. Two thousand British soldiers, with their commander, fell. An army which never before retreated from a battle-field, now fled in wild disorder from the avenging Jackson to their ships, bearing with them their dead commander. Jackson's loss was seven killed and six wounded.

Upon the return voyage of that fleet, there was lashed upon the main deck of the principal frigate, a cask containing the remains of its late commander, embalmed *a la American*, in pure distilled spirits, which were not produced in a registered distillery, that never saw a gauger, that had no United States Internal Revenue stamp upon its bung-stave, or either head, that never trickled through a Tyce meter or entered the portals of a bonded warehouse. After this expedition returned to England with all evidence of disaster, without even a trophy, and nothing of interest aboard but the remains of its late commander, still in the original package, she gave up the people of the United States as incorrigible, and abandoned us to our fate. Jackson ended all wars with England. With Clay, Calhoun and other contemporaries, he might not always have been right, but with his country, he was never in the wrong.

### THIRD EPOCH.

Nearly half a century had glided by when our people were subjected to another test, by which we demonstrated to the world that, as a people, we were capable of self-government. Slavery, being the complete and absolute subjection of one man to the will, the control, and disposal of another man by legalized force, was long the

bane of contention, and was a cancer left on the body politic by the framers of the government for "peace sake," which spread gradually over the southern states, and its noxious tendrils were creeping toward the free territories. This withering pestilence, so obnoxious to the civilized world, against justice, nature, religion and law, with its bloated carcass across the path of progress, must be eradicated. The election of Lincoln President, in 1860, who was known as an anti-slavery man, and who had declared that this government could not endure half slave and half free, was seized upon as a pretext by the slave aristocracy for the secession of the slave-holding states, and thereupon declared war by firing upon Fort Sumter, over which floated our flag, the ensign of American nationality, the visible emblem of the sovereignty of the Union, whose stars represent the sister states, whose stripes the original thirteen states, and whose colors, courage, purity and truth.

The enemies of republics were swift to predict the downfall of ours at this crisis. But History, whose work is at best but gloomy, did not take up her pen to write the story of the American Republic in despair. At the first signal from President Lincoln, the people responded. The fight was theirs. There assembled an army comprising the industry, wealth, intellect and muscle of the country, and as numerous and pestilential to the rebels as the grasshoppers to the grangers. And slavery was obliterated.

Lincoln, though elected by a party, became the executive of all. His simplicity of manners, his clear and unprejudiced mind, his integrity, his courage, and his clemency, won for him the appellation of "Honest Old



Abe." But the crowning glory of this man's life was his proclamation of September 22, 1862, by which four millions were emancipated; and with that sublime event will the name of Abraham Lincoln be forever associated. But not with this circumstance alone will the name of Lincoln be revered; but his fame for the perpetuation of free institutions will grow higher and brighter as freedom covers the earth, and until a slave is not known on the planet.

#### A GLANCE AT HISTORY.

We have our civilization from the East, and its march westward round our globe, forming a zone of intellectual light as clearly discernible as the torrid, temperate or frigid zones. Within the historic period there have existed three great races, from which we sprung—the Israelites, who had pride of race; the Greeks, who had pride of knowledge, and the Romans, who had pride of power. In the dimness of time, we begin with the land of Confucius, thence westward over the western countries of Asia, across Arabia into Africa, tarrying awhile in Egypt, where, long before the Pharaohs, previous to the Jewish dispensation, before Joseph became a model of probity, or speculated in wheat, and long anterior to the visits of Herodotus or Pythagorus, Egypt was mistress of the world.

Taking another step westward, we find it passing along Asia Minor, crossing the Hellespont into Greece, where we see the dawn of the drama, and get the first glimpse of a republic; and Greece, in her day, through her lawgivers, her arms, her arts, her orators, and her architecture, was the intellectual sun whose rays illuminated the world, both East and West.

Then intelligence took another step westward, entering the eastern confines of the Roman Empire, reaching as far as Italy, then extending over the Italian Peninsula and Sicily, when Rome rises, august and majestic, on both sides of the classic Tiber, whose very ruins speak man's skill as a mechanic in those temples where men have reasoned, and in the churches where women pray; in its sculpture, painting, oratory, heroes, history, agriculture and its republic; and Rome, in her day, was the enormous headlight whose rays flashed across western Europe, gilding the island heights of Britian and Hibernia. Rome had her decline when the western countries of Europe, her late colonial possessions, sprang up from provinces to nations.

France, in the days of Charlemagne, was the center of learning, science and arts, and the dictator of western Europe—a power she never relinquished until Richelieu expired.

Again progressing toward the setting sun, civilization penetrated all the western kingdoms of Europe, diffusing itself over the Spanish Peninsula and Portugal, leaving to us, as the creations of its progress, the cities of Venice, Paris, Madeira, Genoa, Cordova, Antwerp, London, Lisbon, Bologne and Florence. For centuries, men of learning from Greece and Rome penetrated the wilds of western Europe, who were the ferrymen between ancient and modern civilization, and who brought with them from those classic strongholds, mental materials for the schools and universities of the West.

Again we move westward another step, and civilization crosses the English channel, diffusing itself over the islands of Great Britian and Ireland. The kings, princes



and nobles of England were the patrons of learning. Instruction was sought by kings and people alike. Subjects suggested to sovereigns. MAGNA CHARTA was wrenched from the iron gripe of King John. Freedom began to know her rights, and was gathering strength to maintain them. Bacon was sounding the depths of human understanding. Chivalry was melting before the ridicule of Cervantes in his "Don Quixote." The practical was banishing the romantic. Religion was busying all brains. Philosophy was filling the earth with its wisdom and research. Poetry was covering the earth with its charms. Fiction was delighting mankind with its enchantments. Shakespeare arranged the seven ages of man, and "found tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." And, as the result of all this, we have the civil and common law of England—the science that distinguishes the "criteria of right and wrong." The heart of Europe palpitated. Traditional claims lost in every contest against natural justice. Commerce enlarged her boundaries; wealth increased with enterprise. Independence had grown with industry, and the interests of freedom went boldly forward.

With Columbus, civilization took its last long stride westward, and in the United States the zone is completed. And to-day we are the greatest people that the sun of heaven gladdens with his beams; for here we have free institutions, possess free education, have a thirst for knowledge, and the spirit of progress. The people of no other country could have produced the Declaration of Independence; could have conformed to its spirit and teachings, preserved it intact, and lived up to its letter. Here the people govern themselves; each one is a

stockholder with shares paid up. The usages and customs of a civilized people are the gradual results of their wants and wishes.

Besides, the physical structure of our country, so extensive and diversified, can not produce an indifferent people; and the minds of the people partake of the largeness of the land they inhabit; for here all creeds, nationalities and colors are tolerated and protected. Here all are peers, and none are peasants.

Within the century, our people have shot up in strength and prosperity beyond the most visionary calculations. Beginning with thirteen states and three million inhabitants scattered along the Atlantic coast, now we have forty millions of inhabitants, and thirty-eight states and nine territories, extending from ocean to ocean, across which we whisper in an instant by telegraph, or glide over in a few hours by rail. A land that teems with industry, the Union gives the laborer homes, suffrage, wages, peace, plenty, equality, and educates his children. As a people, we have complied with the scriptural injunction, "Go forth, multiply, fill the earth and subdue it;" and this is all owing to that Creative Being whose essence has no form, and whose workings no sound. We are a people of great destinies, and will ameliorate the condition of man throughout the world. We live in a land of facts, and are the graduate of the universe.

A further evidence of our refinement is the deference shown to woman, whose goodness is less the result of circumstances than man, and less owing to culture or race. In refined society, woman rises in importance and is generally appreciated. Having been intended as the companion of man, how accurately she fulfills the design of the Creator.



Our country is peculiarly one of masses, whose gatherings are truly sublime, mingling together in the dignity of individual choice and sentiment, yet with the power of collective will, diffused over the entire country, occupying the entire recess, intertwined in every interest, and regulating every movement of national glory. Think of the millions of men, wherever they may dwell, tossed upon the billows of either ocean, roughing life on our lakes and rivers, chopping down the forest, plowing the prairie and ditching its swamp land; with its many hands and strong arms—in the fields, cities, factories, furnaces and mills, in the foundry, at the bench, at the lathe, at the forge, in the mines, in the quarries and ship-yards; no matter how lodged or clothed, whether it be a marble palace on Fifth avenue, a log hut in Arkansas, or a dugout in Nebraska. Think of all these, and it gives us the proof of a greatness that no earthly conceptions can well outmeasure.

So long as the Declaration of Independence is understood and appreciated, so long will we endure as a nation. The custom of reviving our faith annually is a time honored one. The Israelites annually observe, with great reverence, their deliverance from Egyptian bondage; the Christian world annually celebrate the birth of Christ on the 25th of December, and the loyal subjects celebrate the birthdays of their respective tyrants annually. or the anniversary of some great battle, in which, perhaps, their own liberties were stricken down. Republics have flourished in Greece and Rome, the fairest portions of the earth, but there are no traces in either now to be seen, and nothing heard but the screech of the owl and the cry of the raven. The climate of these countries has undergone no change, but the people have lost their love for free institutions which their liberties could not outlive.

One hundred years have glided by since the experiment of man for self government has been going on upon this continent, and its enemies admit that it is an eminent success. Some there are who find fault, and one stump orator, while passing over this country speaking to mixed audiences, in 1872, declared that we live in a despotism. This is simply incorrect, to speak mildly; but if it be despotism, neither the country from which he emigrated, nor the people thereof, nor the people of any other country on God's green earth, was ever able to produce another despotism like it.

The anniversary of the Fourth of July is an event which, as citizens, we should not disregard. We have the same reasons for its observance that our predecessors had. We must watch over and guard the interest of our government like the emblematic eagle, with an eye that never winks and a wing that never tires. We are the trustees to posterity. These blessings, founded upon the Declaration of Independence, which we have received from those who have passed away, were to be by us preserved and enjoyed in our day and generation, and transmitted by us to those who are to succeed us.

With the injunction, "Be just and fear not, let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's," thus will our noble government be transmitted from father to son, and from generation to generation down to the last syllable of recorded time.

### Departure of the Anderson Guard.

A more impressive and exciting scene than that which was presented by the departure of Capt. Nolan's company, yesterday, has never been witnessed in this city. Before leaving Beckel's Hall, which was crowded with people,



the company was addressed briefly, but most impressively, by Rev Dr. Thomas, who followed the address with a prayer for the protection, usefulness and energy of the soldiers who were going forth to defend their country, which drew tears of sympathy from every eye. The meeting then joined in singing "The Star Spangled Banner," with a patriotic fervor which is indescribable. The old flag was greeted with enthusiastic cheers, and, headed by the regimental band, the company began its march to the depot. The streets were filled with men, women and children, escorting the gallant and true-hearted men who had taken their lives in their hands, and gone forth to defend the honor of their country. The scene at the depot can scarcely be described. Thousands of men and women filled every foot of space in the depot, and from there to Ludlow street, while crowds filled the sidewalks up to Main street. A number of cars filled with ladies, who were waving their handkerchiefs, added interest to the scene.

Just before the train started, Capt. M. P. Nolan, standing on the top of one of the cars, addressed the assembly in a noble and patriotic speech, in the course of which he said, that he had opposed Mr. Lincoln's election, being a warm friend of Mr. Douglas, but Mr. Lincoln was constitutionally elected, and must be sustained in the exercise of his constitutional rights. "He is the President of my country," said Capt. Nolan, "and so he is my President. I will stand by my country and her flag in the face of all foes, foreign or domestic." Capt. Nolan said, "the North has been sneered at by the South for her want of courage. We will endeavor to prove to the South that all the courage and chivalry in the nation is not to be found on their side of Mason and Dixon.

We have shown, by the great uprising which has been witnessed all over the North, something of northern patriotism; we hope to show them something of northern muscle by the use of the bayonet." The Captain was loudly and enthusiastically cheered.

Lieutenant Smith followed in a brief speech, which was but indistinctly heard; he closed, however, by saying that the troops now moving in defence of the country, were but an advance guard of the millions which would follow if their services were needed.

The train soon after moved off, amid the cheers of the assembled thousands. A firmer body of men than the Anderson Guard never entered the service.

### Response to a Toast.

Mr. President, Soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland, Ladies and Gentlemen: The pleasing duty of responding to the first regular toast of the evening, "Our Country," has just been assigned to me, in the absence of Major-General J. D. Cox. The reason I have been thus honored is, I presume, owing to the fact of my having come upon this land of ours at a very tender age; that I moved West and grew up with the country—circumstances which combine to inspire one with love of country, as well as a knowledge of it.

Our country is superior to any other upon the globe, and this continent is the queen of the hemispheres—having the largest lakes, the greatest cataracts, the largest rivers, the longest mountain ranges, the largest plains of productive lands, and less deserts than any other country on earth.

Certain plants are indigenous to certain climes. This is an established fact, and applicable to all countries; but



to our country alone is *liberty* indigenous. For, unlike all other countries, the people of this enjoy free institutions, possess free education, have a thirst for knowledge and the spirit of progress. Hence, the people of no other country could have produced the Declaration of Independence, could conform to its spirit or teachings, preserve it intact, and live up to its letter. Who, therefore, does not feel proud of this country? Who would not fight for the preservation of our institutions? Having produced this declaration of rights, we should feel justly proud, for never again will such a tablet of glory be presented for signature to the children of men.

Our country is a vast republic, the people governing themselves; all are interested; each man is a stockholder; the foundations of our government are laid deep in the hearts of the American people.

Our country, being so great, can not produce an indifferent people; and the people partake, in their liberality, of the country they inhabit. For here we find all creeds, all parties, all nationalities, and all colors, not only tolerated but protected, the road to preferment being open to every one. Nor is the individuality of the citizen lost in the vastness of the government.

The enemies of republican institutions were swift to predict the downfall of ours at the breaking out of the rebellion, and during its progress; but history, whose work is, at best, but melancholy, will never write the story of our republic in despair. Armies of the people arose in their might, prominent among whom was the Army of the Cumberland, overthrew slavery, suppressed the rebellion, and demonstrated to the world that the people of our country were capable of self-government. With these sublime events, soldiers of the Army of the

Cumberland, will your names be forever associated. But not with these events alone will your names be mentioned; but your fame for the perpetuation of free institutions will grow higher and brighter, as freedom covers the earth, and until a slave is not known in the world.

Looking over this festive scene, a throng of fair women and brave men, soldiers and ladies, men of gallant bearing and women of surpassing beauty, with the lights streaming over the decorations, produce a dazzling effect upon my senses. Look beyond this, upon the country at large. We see man, triumphant man, with the light of Heaven upon his brow, the fire of freedom in his eye, and, since the adoption of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth constitutional amendments, his proud foot placed upon the grave of American slavery, and his exulting voice raised in prayers of thanks to Almighty God for having given to him so good a country.

## Memorial Day Oration,

BEAVERTOWN, OHIO.

Comrades of William Earnshaw G. A. R Post, No. 590, Ladies, Gentlemen and Friends—In response to your kind invitation to address the friends and survivors of the gallant dead of the Grand Army of the Republic, of Beavertown and vicinity, on this annual Memorial and Decoration Day, I accept, and can assure you that to me the task is a pleasingly sad one. The roll of honor, already long, is rapidly lengthening. The names known on the rolls of death comprise all ranks, conditions and grades of military heroes, mustered out of their country's service and laid in their graves, sad and silent. But the grave does not bury their glories History and tradition will



keep their memories green, and perpetuate their glorious deeds of valor and patriotism, and attest how patriotically they endured the toils, privations and dangers of army life, and how bravely they died. A eulogy of those brave men is more a work of history than a discourse of twenty minutes' duration. They had the courage to serve, and the fortitude to suffer. The daring of our gallant dead is written in scores of battlefields and trenches, and their graves are scattered from the Potomac, the Ohio and Missouri rivers, to the Gulf and the Rio Grande. Their country was the devotion of their lives, its advancement the hope of their souls, and they served the republic in its armies with an enthusiasm that death only could extinguish. But the soundest ingredient of the Union army was the "rank and file," the private soldier, known as the "enlisted man." He who carried the musket, the cartridge box, the knapsack, the canteen, the haversack, and the shelter-tent; who made the fatiguing marches, the weary sentry rounds, and felt the way for the advance of the army in picket line, was the real wealth, physical force, muscle, bone, nerve and numerical strength of our loyal legions. No words can do sufficient honor to the memory of the private soldier of the Union army during the great civil war. The war was fought to a successful end by them, and among the privates of our army there were no bickerings, jealousies or rivalry, which so generally prevailed among the soldiers wearing the decorative shoulder-straps. 'Twas the private soldier that saved the Union! Rushing from all the walks of life eagerly to sustain the government, quitting comfortable homes and the demands of business, withdrawing from the social circle of relatives, neighbors and friends to enroll himself in the cause of freedom.

The uncounted and unlettered graves that covered our southern country attest the heroism of our volunteer private, and the cemeteries of the North, which teem with countless thousands of soldiers' graves, prove the same facts. When I meet a private soldier, I think of his former importance, and regret that he is now so disregarded by the community that owes to him so much, and sigh to think that "republics are ungrateful." Generals were numerous during the war, and they have become more general as we recede from the war period; but the brave enlisted man of the line, who went to the front on orders, and fell amid the carnage and the roar of battle, or who died of wounds or disease contracted in the service, or who starved in prison pens, will live in the memories of our enlightened and grateful people.

Our country is peculiarly one of the masses, whose gatherings are truly sublime, mingling together in the dignity of individual choice and sentiment, yet with the power of collective will, diffused over the entire country, occupying every recess, entwined in every interest, and regulating every movement of national glory. Think of the millions of men, wherever they may dwell, tossed upon the billows of either ocean, roughing life on our lakes and rivers, chopping down the forests, plowing the prairie and ditching its swamp lands, with its many hands and strong arms in the fields, cities, factories, furnaces and mills, in the foundry, at the bench, at the lathe, at the forge, in the mines, in the quarries and ship yards, no matter how lodged or clothed, whether he lives in a marble palace on Fifth avenue, or in a log-hut in Kansas, or a dugout in Nebraska. Think of all these, and it gives us the proof of greatness that no earthly conception can well conjecture.



If secession was popular among the people of the slave states it was as obnoxious to the inhabitants of free states, and, upon the fall of Sumpter, the feelings of a great people swelled into a current which evolved the Federal army, with its numbers, its purposes, its intelligence and moral and physical forces. With the vigor of manhood, the eagerness of boyhood and the soft prayers of womanhood, the Union hosts presented a grand and sublime spectacle to the civilized nations of the earth, demonstrating to the world that, as a people, we were self-reliant, self-ruled and self-sustaining. We deplore the melancholy consequences of the war, and shrink from its results with terror. But, like all other trials incident to life and governments, it must be encountered and endured. A civil war is the most deplorable, nearly suicidal, and nothing but the abomination of slavery, which must be removed from the body politic by a capital operation, could have justified a recourse to arms. While opinion may operate against opinion, force must be met by force. An armed man may be proof against an argument, but he is not proof against a musket ball. The man that will listen to reason, let him be reasoned with, but it is the armed patriot only that could prevail against the despotism of slavery.

The firing upon Fort Sumpter precipitated the conflict, compelling its gallant commander, Major Anderson, to lower the ensign of our national Union, whose stars represented the sister states, and its colors, courage, purity and truth. But, during all the darkness of the war, woman was the powerful ally of the citizen-soldier in the various relations of wife, mother, daughter, sister and lover. The fidelity of woman has its strongest manifestations in adversity, and in all the calamities of the war

of the rebellion, woman has borne her hard share of the burden.

The custom of decorating the graves of our fallen heroes should be kept up with Christian fidelity and religious zeal; 'tis all that is in our power to do. By cherishing the memory of our brave dead, we show the feelings of our nature in its God-like promptings. There is in the custom something so sweet, so touching, so affectionate and so thoughtful, that the eye moistens, the voice becomes tremulous with emotion when we witness the cherished ceremony. This custom now prevails in every state and territory of our vast and thrifty republic, and the day is established for its observance by law, and has become a national holiday. Then let us never cease to gather flowers, the beautiful expressive and silent offerings of love and veneration for the braves, who occupy their silent quarters in the various cemeteries throughout the land.

Our lives like hastening streams must be,  
That into one engulfing sea,  
Are doomed to fall.

The sea of death, whose waves roll on,  
Our king and kingdom, crown and throne,  
And swallows all.

Alike the lordly river's tide,  
Alike the humble rivulet's glide,  
To that sad nave.

Death levels poverty and pride,  
And rich and poor sleep side by side,  
Within the grave.

### Address to the Sons of Veterans.

Mr. President, Sons of Veterans and Comrades: "We live again in our children" is a true and trite saying. The surviving Union veterans of the war of 1861-65 may truly say that in the organization of the Sons of Veterans, we live again in our sons.



When the surviving Union soldiers and sailors of the war of the rebellion shall have been laid by soldier hands in soldiers' graves, we feel that our memories, glories, triumphs, struggles and names will be reproduced and mentioned by you, our representatives, from time to time in churches, city halls, village lyceums, military camps, the rostrum on occasions, and in the beautiful cemeteries of our land on Decoration Day.

We, the survivors of the Grand Army of the Republic, will pass away and join our comrades who lost their lives amid the carnage and shock of battle; were killed on picket, guard or raid; or who perished in prison pens; or died of disease incurred while on the march, in camp or hospital, would be forgotten were it not for history that has and will be written, and tradition, which is the object of the organization of the Sons of Veterans.

In 1861, and previous thereto, consistency was yielding to expediency, and men's political complexions were taken from the accidents of the day and usage, but the people, through the army, stamped their own character upon the government and society with an emphasis that will endure, we hope, for all time.

When we look back on the great armies of Union soldiers, on whose rolls the names of your fathers are borne, comprising the able-bodied men of all classes and conditions, you ask from whence they came; the reply is, from the people, who, in order that their government might endure, cheerfully submitted, during the struggle, to all the hardships incident to soldier life.

At the breaking out of the rebellion, the volunteers were green and unsteady, as recruits usually are. At the termination of the rebellion, the serving volunteers, as an army, were the best soldiers in the world. They were

advanced in valor, strategy and tactics beyond all other soldiers of the day, and, among the rank and file, almost any of them could command a company or a regiment, and many could handle a greater command in the field.

We want no standing armies, being out of place in a republic. The theory of our government is to have an organization, skeleton-like, upon which to call at any hour; and when such a call is made in time of danger, an army would materialize into magnificent legions of brave, competent and reliable men, whose might would prevail against the world in arms.

Your fathers thus left you, by their example, something to reserve, something to follow, and much to be proud of.

When the hour of dissolution was approaching the father of Hannibal, he took his sons to the altar and swore them to eternal hostility against the enemies of his country's freedom.

The Sons of Veterans require no such impressive ceremony to influence them. Your natural impulses being patriotic, having the good sense to determine, will have the promptness to act when the country requires your services. "And when it will be your cue to fight, you will do so without a prompter."

Let me say to you, young gentlemen, that responsibilities shift; in youth we owe our childhood and services to our parents; our vigor of manhood to our country if required, and our age to ourselves.

It takes great occasions to make great men; the late war gave every able-bodied man an opportunity to become a soldier, and in the Roster of Ohio, now nearly complete, is given the name of each Union soldier who enrolled himself in his country's services. Upon those rolls are borne the names of your fathers, who gave their lives,



services and blood to their country's cause, without regard to economy.

The Bard of Avon says:

"In peace there's nothing more becomes a man,  
Than modest stillness and humility;  
But when the blast of war's blown in our ears,  
Men imitate the action of the tiger."

There is nothing that gives distinction to a city abroad equal to finely organized, equipped and drilled military companies. There are other military organizations now in the Gem City, which have brought us some renown when on parade and drilling in distant places, one of which is commanded by a veteran who has spent his dearest action on the tented field.

You, as the representatives of veterans, are occupying a distinguished position in our generation, looking back with pride and forward with hope, preparing for emergencies that may come, and when, if the hour of trial approaches, you young men, Sons of Veterans, will form the nucleus of an army from which will be evolved an armed force that will survive the grand old Army of the Republic, that is fast fading away.



"With active hand and steady will,  
In old age as in youth;  
The Master found him sowing still,  
Seeds of patriotism and truth."

